VERSES BAGATELLE

"Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill,
An' routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest."
—Burns.

JACK HARDING

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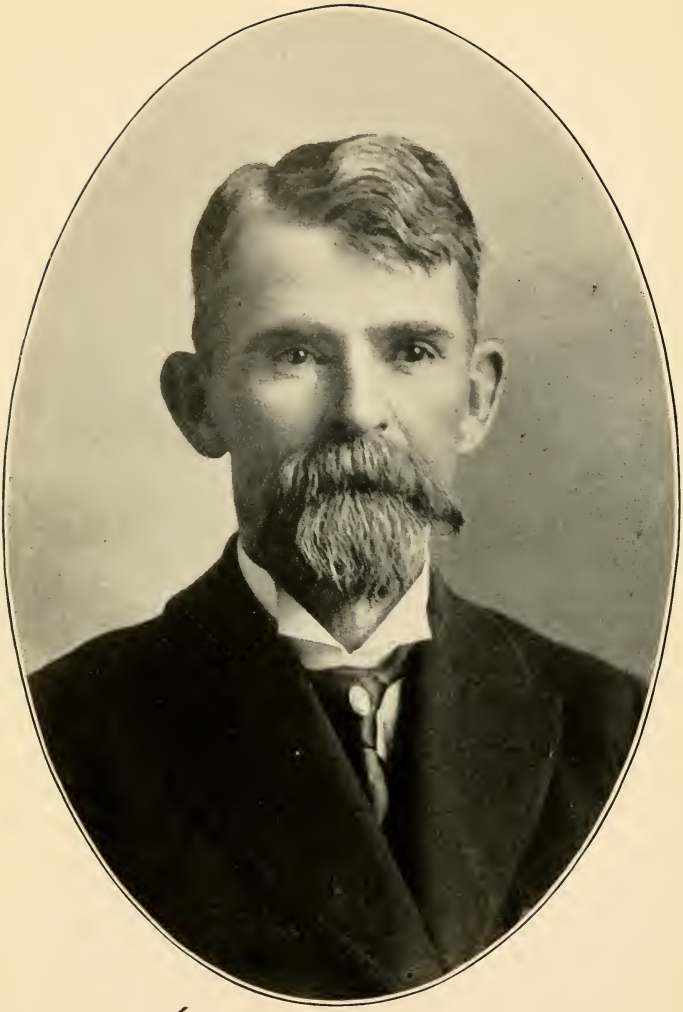

Yours truly Jack Harding

Verses Bagatelle

"Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest."
—Burns.

JACK HARDING

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JUDGE R. F. PEAK, Louisville, Ky.

MY DEAR FRANK: Most of these ryhmes were cobbled up when I was confined to the house by ill health and bad weather. They have somewhat relieved the tedium of many painful hours. Much is open to criticism. However, they were not made for the public eye, but solely to amuse myself, as one sometimes plays the lonely game of solataire to kill time. As they express the passing thought at the moment of jotting it down I prefer to let them remain in their present homespun dress. I'm having only a few copies printed for my friends, and at their request.

The story of "How I was a Boy" was written to amuse my children. Some of the love conceits are mushy and gushy—long life to 'em! An old man, however ridiculous, lives his life twice over who can still recall with pleasure the mushy and gushy follies of his mad youth. Ah! if we could live them over in fact, and not in fancy.

Trusting these bagatelles will not unduly shock your correct artistic sense, nor that of other friends, I am,

Brookwood,
Pleasureville, Ky.

1913.

VERSES BAGATELLE

Some play heroes in the war,
Some play doctors of the law,
Some the markets rise and fall,
Some play cards, some play ball;
Anything will do quite well
That beguiles life's brief spell:
Give me verses bagatelle.

Some in stately blank verse blunder,
Thinking their names down the ages will thunder.
(Let me ask, do you remember
A single leaf that fell in November?)
A nonsense rhyme will do as well,
If it amuses an idle spell;
Vive la bagatelle.

Worry, worry killed the cat,
And no growler e'er was fat;
When your wife's disposed to grumble,
Out of the house quickly tumble.
Soon the storm will blow over
And again you'll be in clover—

Anything will do very well;
Go to your club for a spell,
Or write verses bagatelle.

Better to smile than to sigh,
You may live and you must die;
"Whence and whither?" philosophers cry,
Never reason nor ask why,
For by taking much thought on it
You can never learn aught of it.
The limit the human mind can go
Is, sayeth Spencer, "We don't know;"
With toil and moil and labor sore,
A whole book he writ to tell us so;
Of philosophers, great and small,
Many say he is the profoundest of all.

Science will supplant religion, they say,
Scientists may argue till they are gray;
They will never bridge the awful chasm
Until they can create life in the protoplasm.
Other philosophers idly chatter,
Eternal are Life, Energy and Matter;
The Pantheist degrades the Sublime Creator.

Old Hornies tongue's keen's a feather;
He would catch you with his blether,
Don't let 'im cheat you of your soul.
Who doubts a Creator is a fool.

At your hand, your watch, merely glance—
Are these the result of blind Chance?
Study its order and system, you will find
The Universe is controlled by an intelligent mind.
Trust God: He is good;
He above who guides the stars,
Is able to manage your little cares.

With God in knowledge man would be equal,
But what was the ridiculous sequel?
His presumptious tower of Bable
Shows how little he was able.
In vain we impiously pry
Into the mysteries of God on high.
Trust all to the benevolent Jehovah,
And the dark river He'll ferry us over.

He who kindly brought us whence
Will as kindly take us hence.
If this philosophy you seriously doubt it,
What are you going to do about it?
Reason the question as you will,
You pursue the same circle still
And end where you began before,
With the admission, " We don't know."
We must trust, and trust we must.
If we can't trust the benevolent Creator,
What security do you offer better?

Why be ever doubting,
Why be ever pouting,
Why go through life moping,
Like the worm blindly groping?
The butterfly sips the flower,
Happy each golden hour,
Gaily flitting hither and thither,
Never asking "Whence nor whither?"

Enjoy the day when it shines,
Smoke cigars when it rains;
Write pastoral lines that jingle
To the sheep-bell's pleasant tinkle;
Or rhymes that roar and rumble
Like the lion in his jungle:
Let your thoughts come in jumbles,
Until each over the other tumbles;
And when in the mire you flounder,
Tell the critics to go to thunder.
Anything will do quite well
If it relieves an irksome spell;
Give me verses one can't sell—
Give me verses bagatelle.

HAPPINESS

A mighty Caliph in Spain reigned fifty years,
Beloved by his subjects and feared by his foes;
Riches and honor, power and pleasure awaited his nod,
And his every command was obeyed as a god;
He diligently numbered the happy days he had seen,
They amounted in all to just *fourteen!*

What a king may miss a peasant may find,
What a philosopher can't see may be plain to the blind.
Happiness is sought by all and found by few,
Its secret source is hidden from view;
Trace the limpid stream to the start,
You will find it rises in the heart.

Through a long and busy life,
With Pain I've waged unceasing strife;
I've seen the days pass in funeral plight,
And heard the hours toll the livelong night,
Yet have preserved a cheerful mind
And brother-love for human kind.

Sore disappointment hath not brought despair,
When treacherous Fortune smiled most fair;
Nor when, in surly mood, she frowned and glowered,
Has carking care my temper soured.
I've been contented with little, I've been canty with more,
And my happy days are too many to tell them o'er.

MARGARET CAMPBELL HARDING

"The years have not effaced her sweet embrace,
Her charming grace, her lovely face,
Her happy twinkling eye I'll remember 'till I die."

See Appendix, Note 1.

OF HOW I WAS A BOY

(A Tale to My Children)

Jackie Dear:
The wind is a-wailing and the sleet is a-hailing,
The fire is bright this long winter night,
From your drowsy looks you are weary of books,
So if you will attend, as best I can,
Like an old soldier whose brave deeds are done,
Who clatters on his stumps with his crutch for his gun,
And shows little boys how battles were won,
I'll tell you a story of how I was a boy
A l-o-n-g time ago.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

On finding myself a tiny little elf
In the wild whirl of this strange world,
The first I remember, one Christmas in December,
I was mighty glad and sister mighty mad
That I wasn't a little girl and my hair wouldn't curl,
And I could ride straddle on a boy's saddle,
And gallop a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

The next I remember one sweet Sabbath day,
To church darling mamma had been to pray,
And I ran with glee to meet her on the way:
The years have not effaced her sweet embrace,
Her charming grace, her lovely face,
Her happy twinkling eye I'll remember till I die!*

*See Appendix, Note 1.

I soon grew up to be a brawly boy,
A fond father's pride and a doting mother's joy.
I wasn't very little nor very big—just a medium little pig;
I could eat frogs and snails, crows and quails,
'Possums and coons and pecks of prunes,
And digest whole pails of ten-penny nails.

The boys raised squabbles at the way I played marbles;
I'd win their taws and this caused rows,
A kicking and clawing, a choking and chawing,
And from my nose the blood often flows,
But my nose I blows and at 'em I goes.

Being rather small by big Billy Stovall,
I'm often badly licked in double quick;
Yet while grass grows and water flows,
I give him a fight by day or by night;
But a boy of my size, I did truly despise
His blows and blocks and his solar plexus shocks,
For right at him I'd go butting and biting, kicking and fighting:
Oh! 'twas a delight to have a rattling fight,
And let the boys know I was a hero
In those happy days.

I've often caught the hare in my cunning snare,
And screwed with a pole Mr. 'Possum from his hole;
I've tumbled the quail as away they would sail;

A squirrel ever so high I could fetch in the eye,
And with a rifle shot I could make a little dot
Pretty dinged close to the centre of the spot.

But the best shooting I ever did of all
Was thirteen squirrels with fourteen ball.
Now you may think this a story all in fun,
But every word is true as a gun,
And if Wash* wasn't dead and gone,
He'd prove to you I am no Munchausen.

The first fish I ever caught,
Rod and line I quite forgot,
And in extacy flew away home
To show darling mamma my wondrous game.
And this happy world has never brought a joy
Quite equal to this one when I was a boy!

Over the ice I'd skim like a swallow,
And, crack! I broke through up to my collar—
Oh! 'twas a shame to hear the boys holla.
Ugh! but 'twas cold upon my soul,
Never till death will I be shorter of breath;
Tho freezing and wheezing, barking and sneezing,
I doffed my duds for wringing and squeezing,

*A negro boy given me by my father and my Sancho Panza.

Then I dried by a big brush fire,
Fearing to face the ire of my sire,
For I had stolen away against his commands.
And I feared the strapping I'd receive at his hands.
Now this was a foolish thing to do;
I might have had croup and pneumonia, too.
It now seems to me they had all gone hence,
But for some special providence
That watches over boys and billy goats,
So dangerous are their silly sports.

Always remember this to the end,
No matter how much you may offend,
Old Daddy is the boy's best friend.
Ever revere him, never fear him;
Tell him your troubles, your little foibles,
And when other friends forsake you,
Daddy will always stake you:
The old fellow has the ready siller—
Don't you hear it jingle? Can't you hear it tinkle?
His clinking pocket he'll never lock it
Against you, Jackie boy.*

*Thank God! I never did.

AT SCHOOL

(Col. John Adair*)

In sorrow and dool I went to school
To many a blasted infernal fool,
Who knew not a boy from a mule:
With switches and sticks
I received many licks.
I'd sooner drown in the River Styx,
Or take my chances with Old Nick,
Than go to school to such noodles
Unfit to teach hounds or poodles.

If ever I meet "Old Farris" again,
Ignorant and mean, conceited and vain,
To his bull head my fist I will send,
And a sound kicking I'll give his blunt end.

But for Col. John Adair,
A teacher kind, noble and fair,
I do most solemnly swear
I had died in utter despair,
Deprived of all youthful joys
By these tyrants over little boys.

*See Appendix, Note 2.

They'd ding me and dang me,
Beat me and bang me,
But my spirit they ne'er could conquer,
I'd see 'em damned e'er I'd whimper!
But they made me a mule at their school,
And did their best to make me a fool.

But Johnnie Adair, oh, he was rare;
He stroked me gently on the hair,
And heard my lessons with kindly care;
And for him, let me say,
I would study night and day,
And steal an hour e'en from play!
Of a mule he made a little man—
Colonel, dear, here's my hand!

Fifty years since then have sped,
Master and most of the boys are dead;
But I remember him as fondly today
As when he used kindly to say:
"Well done, boys! Now go play."

He was in Cuba with Crittenden,
At bloody Shiloh he lead his men;
Now he sleeps in a hero's grave,
The bravest among all the brave.

Born many a year after his day,
He belonged to age of chivalry,
When, clothed in knightly gear
From nodding plume to golden spur,
He had been the peer
Of Bayard, Roland and Oliver,
And with Tancred, of glorious fame,
First to scale the walls of Jerusalem.

May the grass grow green above you,
Is the prayer of one who loved you;
There ye meadowlark sing in the dawning,
There ye nightingale sing in the gloaming,
While a soldier takes his rest.

The days steal on to December;
Friends fall like leaves in November;
Passion burns to ashes and cinder;
Ambition totters and leans on his cane;
Intellect shatters and babbles again;
Hope eludes us, which promised so fair,
And leaves us deserted to die in despair;
But Memory lags the last on the stage,
Consoling and condoling our dreary old age:
Of the recollections that linger there still,
None is more dear than Montgomery's Old Mill.

The mill went click and then it went clack,
Slow and steady as grandmother's clock;
The miller stood still and the stone turned round,
Grain by grain the corn dropped down,
And into fine meal the grist was ground.

A bushel an hour was it's usual run,
From dawn of day to set of sun;
But if the water was low and the stones were dull,
Only three pecks she'd grind by the hardest pull.
The stone turned round and the miller stood still,
And this was the way at Montgomery's Old Mill
A—long—time—ago!

Boys were there for miles around
With their corn to be ground,
While we waited for our grist,
No chance for sport we ever missed;
And when boys can't "raise Cain,"
Sure the world is near its end.

With a plunge and a shiver,
We'd swim in the river—
We'd angle from the dam,
And the fish slam
With a jerk and a yank,
Slap against the bank:
Our horses we'ed race 'em,
And rack 'em and pace 'em,
We'd run 'em and trot 'em
To try their speed and bottom—
We'd win each other's taws,
Which caused little wars
That we'd settle fist and claws:
Our dogs we'd fight
And to see 'em chaw and bite
Was a heavenly delight
To the boys shouting round.

We'd tease the dusty miller,
For he was a crusty fellow,
To hear him swear and holler,
We'd put tobacco in his butter

To see him spit and sputter;
And in his pipe, powder,
To hear him shout *murder!*
We'd sew his sacks with stitches
And stick pins in his breeches,
And he'd call us little bitches;
We'd tie a tin pail
To his cur's tail
To see him run and wail,
And we'd dog his little shoat,
And ride his billy goat,
And take him in a boat,
That same billy goat,
And teach him how to float
To the bottom of the stream!
Oh, the times we've had,
The frolic and the fun
In the days that are gone
At the Old Mill!

Witches and warlocks are all now dead,
But when I was a boy they were mighty bad.
Horses they'd ride and make stirrups in the mane,
Cows they'd milk and give the murrain,
Negroes they'd hoodoo and compel them to steal,
Churches they'd rock till their steeples would reel,
Drunkards they'd throw in a ditch or a well,
And bad little boys they'd ride 'em to hell.

Playing checkers one day in Montgomery's Old Mill,
And eating parched corn our "willies" to fill,
The old miller came shaking and quaking with an
awful spell,
Saying, the witches and warlocks had hoodooed his mill;
It still went click-clack and the stone turned round,
And grain by grain the corn dropped down,
But in the meal tub no meal was found!!!

Just then we heard a ghostly yell!!
Up into the loft we scrambled pell mell,
There for an hour we lay on the floor,
Not daring to move a finger or toe.
During the time we heard never a sound,
Except click-clack and the stone turn round,
And grain by grain the corn drop down.

At last the old miller peeped through a crack in the
flooring
To see what the witches and warlocks were doing:
"Save us, holy Moses! It's too awful to tell!
"Peep boys and you'll see what ails my mill!"

There!—skinny and bony a spector fell,
Eyes staring and glaring with the fire of hell,
Snapping his fangs and waving his tail,
Lapping his tongue and gulping it down,
Stood—*the miller's starved hound,*
Eating the meal as fast as it ground!!

The old miller has turned to dust,
The old mill has gone to rust,
Long ago the boys have fled,
And nearly all are with the dead;
Yet oft fond Memory haunts me still
And my eyes sometimes fill
When I think of Montgomery's Old Mill.

* * *

When older I grew I was much inclined
To more doubtful sports and less refined.
My mother said I'd sure be hung,
My father replied 'twas good as done;
For in the town you could not pick
A wilder lad than your daddy Jack.

THE COON FIGHT

It was my delight to see a coon fight;
No matter how dark, to hear the dogs bark
Far down the hollow was worth a dollar.
And when the tree fell there rose a mighty yell,
A scuffling and hustling, a bustling and tussling,
A growling and biting, a howling and fighting—
At last Mr. Coon is nailed by Rover,
One wild shriek and all is over!
Oh, such fun you'll never see
Until you cut an old coon's tree.

VICTOR

An imported London pit dog.

See Appendix, Note 3.

THE COCK FIGHT

I've seen the cock of purest strain
Fight his battle in the deadly main;
The gaffs of steel he seems not to feel,
His pure courage will never yield.
Bleeding and dying he still keeps trying,
Again he wheels and forward reels,
With his last gasp he strikes at his foe,
And falls over dead upon the floor!
The gamest of all creation.

THE DOG FIGHT

I've seen bulldogs pitted in battle,
Admired by sports and other cattle;
Now they growl, rear and wrestle
With each other in deadly tussle,
Panting, frothing and reeking with blood;
Like raging tigers tearing their food,
They chew each other's legs and ears—
While the mob wildly cheers.
Long and fiercely the battle rages,
To tell it all would take pages;
But now Victor* seizes the other's throat,
His wind is cut, his tongue hangs out,
Wild eyes bulge from his head—
Brave old Bowser! he is dead!
To the sports it seems delightful,
But the game is truly frightful.

*See Appendix, Note 3.

FOOT BALL

I've seen braw lads tackle the ball,
Make a centre rush and in a heap fall,
Mingled and jumbled like eggs scrambled,
With cracked scones and skinned shin-bones,
Eyes in mourning, grunting and groaning,
With bloody nose and tattered clothes,
Scrambling and biting like coon-dogs fighting;
Spectators yelling and rooting, shouting and hooting,
Wild with rage like lunatics caged!
Oh, 'tis joy to see what fun can be
In a thing so small as a foot-ball—
And to call it "Athletics."

THE PRIZE FIGHT

I've seen prize fighters in the squared circle,
Big, naked bulls, all bone and all muscle;
They eye, they shy, they feint and they fiddle,
Block, sidestep and dance hi-da-diddle;
Out-shoots a right straight to the nose,
Forth the red "claret" abundantly flows;
One is smashed square in the face,
Down on his back "he goes to grass;"
A left to the "peeper" closes an eye,
Straight "to the wind" is the other's reply;
A "solar plexus" bore bends one double;
A cheek laid open pays for his trouble.

Bleeding and raging "science" now fails,
Their arms are flying like fast flying flails,
Boreing and punching, beating and pounding,
Shouts through the hall wildly resounding.
Now a chance blow lands on the jaw,
He drops on the spot like a beef that is shot;
The huge body quivers, then it shivers—
The fight is done, the battle's lost and won,
And they call it the "Science of self-defense."

THE HORSE RACE

I've seen the fleet racer of Arabian blood
Trained to the hour until he is good,
Speeding around the circular track,
The dust swirling far at his back;
His rivals, like blood-hounds, at his throat-latch,
As bunched they rush down the back-stretch.
With the will of a demon now he is flying,
He'll be doing or he'll be dying,
His mouth wide open, his ears back lying,
His tendons most cracking, his heart most breaking,
His red nostrils flaring, his eyeballs glaring,
Like an arrow of fire he shoots under the wire;
And, with fortunes staked on his cause,
The multitude bursts into thunderous applause!
Indeed it is "the sport of kings."

THE CHASE

Of exciting sports I have gone the round,
But none I know makes the blood so bound
As riding a fleet hunter to fox and hound.
I've known fine sportsmen and hounds of pure race,
And I'll tell you a story of a meet and a chase.

Penick was there, a hunter bold,
A lineal son of Nimrod of old,
Always wearing his hunting-horn
And ever attended by a dozen hound;
To the chase he was so prone,
If none would join, he'd hunt alone.

There was Marshall of Buckner's Hill,
Of hunting he ne'er could get his fill;
The deep-toned mouths of his "Biscuit" and "Gravy"
Would thrill the hunters 'till almost crazy.

And there was blithe Davy Towle,
Of hunters bold the very soul;
A young lawyer he, of many degrees,
For eloquence surpassing Demosthenes;
But if ever he heard the hounds in full cry,
Books, briefs and law-suits, all goodbye;
He'd mount Pizarro and after them fly.
Music, his little red bitch was swift as a witch,
And her sweet voice echoing in the glen
Would stir the souls of the dullest men.

Bessie, my rare chestnut mare of Eclipse blood,
Strains of Herod-Matchen to make the charm good,
Stout, trim, smart as a scholar,
Nimble as a cat, swift as a swallow,
Loving the run as a boy his gun,
To speed her was bliss sweet as a kiss;
A better hunter ne'er followed hound,
Known and praised the country 'round.
And old Davy, the head of my pack,
His pedigree harking 'way back
To old Virginia and English blood
That chased Robert Bruce in Scotland's wood;
A truer dog never struck trails,
And of courage that never quails.

And there were several others more,
Too many now to name them o'er;
For we are met in the Court House square,
Hunters and packs from near and far
To try a famous red fox, which many a day
Had baffled hunter and hound of their prey.
He loved the chase as well as the dogs,
He'd lead 'em through thickets and bogs,
And take a circuit of ten miles,
And bring them back to his native wilds.
He'd cross his track, zig-zag and double,
And puzzle our wits with all sorts o' trouble.
He thought it nothing at all

To run along a high stone wall,
And jump ten feet to a haystack
To throw the dogs clear off his track;
And again in the height of the chase,
When right after him we hotly race,
He'd suddenly vanish and disappear,
Leaving hunters and hounds in blank despair.

This sly fox we've so often lost,
That farmers swear it is the ghost
Of old Simpson who was hung
For foul murders he had done;
But "Old Simpson," we'll know today,
Whether you be a fox or a fay.

Merrily we wind our hunting horns,
Merrily bark and bay the hounds,
Merrily the horses paw and prance,
Merrily our spirits lightly dance,
Merrily we ride to the country side
Twenty riders and forty dogs,
A picture for the canvas of Scruggs!

Now we send the dogs to cover,
And on a hillock wait their endeavor;
Presently a young hound yelps and barks,
But on the fact no one remarks;
It begins to seem the fox has flown,
Today "Old Simpson" is from home.

But hark! old Davy's deep bass bay!
Horses and men prick ears for the fray,
For both know he'll never lie,
And both make ready to do or die.

Anon the pack is in full cry—
Hollo! ho! he comes this way,
His wild eyes with fire gleaming,
His fine brush behind him streaming—
Huzza! huzza! we join the chase,
Madly across the plain we race.

The dogs are crying, the fox is flying
Down the steep into the "Fairy's Dell;"
Hard after we plunge pell mell;
Marshall's horse turns a somersault,
But there's no time now to halt:
On he flies down the dark glen,
Hotly we pursue with thundering din,
The cliffs echoing it back again.

Down the branch splashing and spattering,
Dogs are yelling, hoofs are clattering;
Forward we push, fiercely we rush—
A twelve foot brook we clear at a bound,
Man and horse, fox and hound.

Up a long hill, onward we press
Trying the wind of the best;
Over barnyard fences madly we clatter,
Pigs and poultry wildly scatter;
Children are harking, curs are barking,
The farmer mounts his mule in haste,
With wild huzzas he joins the chase.

On, on we rush to the "Devil's Thicket,"
Now the yells are fierce and wicked,
Bodies and clothes are tattered and torn
By briar and bush, bramble and thorn;
Of my hat my head's bereft,
Some dogs and men in the jungle are left.

The survivors press with furious zeal
Onward through a broom-sage field;
The fox and two dogs climb a stone wall,
Others weary and faint, scramble and fall,
Some of the horses refuse to leap,
Others try and flounder in a heap;
Towles and I, side by side, are riding fast,
Think I, old fellow, I have you at last,
Both, rising abreast, clear the wall at a bound!
And on we race after fox and hound.

Soon, soon, the chase must end,
He labors hard to gain his den
In the cliff just half mile away—

Can flesh and blood so far stay?
His tongue hangs out, his brush is trailing,
His faltering lope shows he's failing,
A rod behind two dogs toil with pain,
But never a foot can they gain.
We whip and spur, we urge and shout,
Our spent horses are all out,
Breath is failing, horses are reeling,
Feet are miles, seconds are hours—
Is he safe, or is he ours?
A fallen log he strives to leap
And tumbles backward in a heap.
Davy and Music on him rush!
Jumping down we take his brush!

"Who's?" quoth I, with eager eyes.
"Honors are equal," Towles replies;
Huzza! we waive the brush above our head
And the bugle wail we sound for the dead.

The sun is sinking in the West,
Leaving the toiler the night for rest,
The quiet evening hour to wistful maid
Dreaming of her lover long delayed;
Our bugle calls wake hill and glen,
Telling hunters and hounds of the chase's end;

Our jaded horses embossed with foam,
Ourselves weary, tattered and torn,
Slowly to town we wend our way
For at Allen's old tavern we end the day.

The dogs are fed and put to bed,
The horses are watered and snugly quartered,
The table groans with game and wine,
At nine at night we are seated to dine,
We eat with all the hunter's keen relish,
And hunting tales the feast embellish;
Each recounts his story of the day,
Telling how he fared in the fray.
To Pizarro and Bessie, Davy and Music we drink a toast,
And one to noble "Old Simpson's" ghost,
And one to the girl each loves the most.
At twelve we retire to the hunter's sound rest
And sleep 'till the sun peeps over the mountain's crest.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE*

One afternoon as I travelled the King's highway,
Going to a friends the night to stay,
For a meet and a chase the next day,
Omnious clouds began to lower;
To escape the impending shower
I rode with my hounds into Barret's stone house,
Long since deserted by man and mouse;

*See Appendix, Note 4.

Built in a deep glen in early days
As a fort of defense 'gainst Indian forays;
A sparkling spring beneath the floor
A siege 'twould stand a month or more.
Here the pioneers were often surrounded,
Many an Indian they killed and wounded;
Here the darkest deeds you ever saw
By counterfeiter, murderer and outlaw;
Here the strangest sights were seen,
Livid lights of blue and green;
At night the most dreadful sounds
In the old castle oft resounds:
Screaming and fighting, thunder and lightning—
In a word, they say, the house is haunted;
By such fustain I was nothing daunted.
From superstition I was quite exempt
And for wraithes and ghosts I had contempt.

The rain long continued unabated
Until quite dark I was belated;
Like a true hunter I go into camp,
Build a fire to keep out the damp,
Halter Bessie to the chimney-breast,
The hounds stretch on the hearth to rest;
For pillow my saddle beneath my head,
Oak floor is soft as feather-bed;
Through my brain sweet visions pass
And soon I soundly sleep at last.

Sweetly sleep till the midnight hour
When ghosts and fiends have most power;
Then, awakened by the lightning's flash,
Followed by the thunder's crash;
Bessie trembles all over with horror,
The dogs crouch in abject terror,
Unknown ever in danger to quail,
Old Davy, shivering, now tucks his tail:
"Brace up ye curs! Why quake so?
Didst never see a storm before?"

Presently I hear a dying wail—
"Pish, 'tis only the mourning gale."
And now chains clank and rattle,
Groans, struggles and deadly battle,
Alarmed, I draw my hunting knife,
Upstairs are robbers in fearful strife:
Comes a groan wild and shrill
Which through my body sends a chill,
Then all is hushed and deathly still.

Slowly a livid light fills the room,
An awful silence pervades the gloom;
Down the stairs file demons of doom,
Take their places along the wall,
And frozen with terror I stand appalled!

There's Frank Jones hanging to a rafter,
Eyes and tongue protruding in fiendish laughter;
And Nance Hazel standing in her coffin,
Shrieking and praying, blaspheming and scoffing;
The terrors of death have swollen her face,
She curses and prays, hopeless of grace.
There's Sile Skaggs with his throat cut,
Before the mob its vengeance could glut,
Bloody razor still clutched in his grip,
Burley, cock-eyed, frightful, cantraip;
And old Saddler grinning and chattering,
Bony fingers on thigh-bones clattering,
Snake heads licking flashes of fire
From his eye-sockets eldritch and dire;
And there's old Simpson, haggard and hoar,
Beard all tangled and matted with gore;
A dagger piercing another's bloody shroud,
She utters a scream wild and loud!
I, Bessie and dogs rush out pell mell,
In horror we fly the haunted dell.

On the hillside I fall, out of breath,
Shivering and frightened nigh unto death.
The haunted house is all on fire!
From it issue blasphemings dire;
The fiends are writhing in its flames,
Screaming with immortal pains—

Round and round and round they go,
Back and forth, to and fro,
Twisting and turning, writhing and burning,
Tongues out-hanging, parching, thirsting,
And their eyes with horror bursting.

Comes again the lightning's flash,
Followed by the thunder's crash;
Instantly all is dark and lone,
Their hour has struck! the fiends are gone!

You who ghosts so boldly deny,
For only one night suppose you try
Barret's stone house in the haunted dell,
And the next day *your* story tell.

Spirits are around, about, above us,
Those that hate and those that love us,
Some to evil drive and ride us,
Some to good lead and guide us,
Spirits good and spirits fell,
Some from heaven and some from hell,
For evil deeds these will haunt us,
For good deeds those will grant us
Peace on earth—good will to men.

I purposed to continue this tale a little further, but, Jackie dear, the joy of my life, is dead! my heart is broken; and the pen falls from my hand. With unbroken courage I have stood up against many disasters, but this last thrust of Fortune has found the vital spot and I sink down under it, never to rise. I toiled half my life in building a beautiful Castle; it was just completed and I was elate with pride and hope—but it has crumbled to dust in an hour. And thus my story, as my life, ends in sorrow and despair.

KENTUCKY

Loved Kentucky, land of the blest,
Never by the heel of the tyrant opprest;
Plenty pours from the horn of Cornucopia,
Happy are the children of the land of Utopia.

From the fierce Norman her sons are descended,
State craft—eloquence—chivalry, happily blended;
Of a fair land they are the proud lords:
What they won with their rifles they will keep with their swords.

Her daughters are the fairest the sun shines on,
Famed for duty and beauty in history and song;
Womanly women! to our hearts the more dear,
They will perpetuate the race of the bold Cavalier.

Here the sun wooes the heart to softest delight,
The moon and the stars emparadise the night,
Her rivers and mountains enrapture the soul,
Her woodlands and meadows are the Eden of old.

When through wandering over the earth,
Carry me back to Kentucky, the land of my birth;
On her fair bosom pillow my head,
Peacefully I will slumber with loved ones long dead.

There the laverock will welcome the day at the dawning,
The mavis will welcome the night at the gloaming,
The sun will warm the green sod on my breast,
The stars will watch over me while sweetly I rest.

THE KENTUCKY HOME-COMING OF 1906

I.

Return children of Kentucky who have wandered far and wide,
Return to your mother and the family fireside;
Long years your chairs are vacant and time has gone so slow,
Return children of Kentucky, let's renew our youth once more.

II.

It will be a joyful meeting,
Once again we will be greeting;
We will feast and we will frolic,
We will drink a Kentucky julep,
We will talk and we will sing,
We will cut the pigeon-wing,
We will laugh and we will cry,
We will be happy ere we die.

III.

Though father, mother and children are gone,
We will visit the house where we were born,
And each loved spot to memory dear
Of which we've dreamed full many a year:
The orchard, the meadow, the sparkling spring,
The wildwood where we used to swing,
The old church where we heard the preacher,
The schoolhouse where we feared the teacher;
E'en the stone in the path to school,
Where oft we stumped our toes in dool,

At which *then* we roundly swore,
But which *now* we almost adore.

We'll go to the grave where Mother sleeps,
Where still the waving willow weeps,
And devoutly kneeling there
Once more repeat that holy prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Which at her knee us boys she taught,
But which, alas! we've almost forgot.

IV.

If you dwell in the city's ceaseless din,
Or in the quiet of the lovely glen,
Or where the prairie flower blooms
And fills the air with sweet perfumes,
Or where the Rockies lift on high
Their hoary heads into the sky,
Or if you've strayed along the Rio Grande,
Or on the Pacific's golden strand,
Or to Alaska's frozen shore,
Or where Florida's flowers ever blow—
Where'er you roam, where'er you be,
On the land or on the sea,
In this year of jubilee
Return! return! to the old roof-tree—
A Kentucky welcome is waiting for thee.

THE JOURNEY TO THE SEA

The next afternoon before leaving the old town, I strolled down to take a last look at the river, where we boys had passed so many glorious hours. While I sat alone on the bank, thinking many thoughts, a boating party glided from out the shadow of a beetling cliff. I wrote and gave the young ladies the lines below, and walked away with a heavy heart:

Dear girls, how merrily you glide,
Your boat just launched on life's young tide!
Many long years may it be
Ere your barque finds the sea.

Enjoy these pleasures in life's morn,
Others will come when you are gone;
May the tide no rougher be
In your journey to the sea.

In these same waters, years ago!
I fished and swam and pulled the oar;
But those joys are past for me,
I have almost reached the sea.

We boys who once sported there
Have wandered down the tide afar;
Some still battle in life's melee,
More lie sleeping in the sea.

Then our ambition was sublime,
The steep of fame we'd boldly climb,
And our names immortal be—
Now, lo! alas, the sea! the sea!

Adieu, adieu, my beautiful river,
Now I leave thee, oh, forever;
All forgotten I shall be
When I lie sleeping in the sea.

DIVIDE BY TWO

Divide human hopes and fears by two,
The result will prove the figures true;
Half your fears you'll never try,
Half your hopes are doomed to die.

By success be not elated,
Nor by failure much abated;
At success detraction cries,
Failure teaches us to be wise.

In this muddled world of care,
Believe only the half you hear;
Nearer the truth you'll ever be
If you doubt half you see.

The fair maiden's rosy blush
Is but the deadly hectic flush;
The worm is in the flower's petal—
Death shadows all things mortal.

All laughter is half a cry,
Intense pleasure breaths a sigh;
After exaltation comes depression:
Divide by two to learn life's lesson.

Profane history is half a lie,
Making its heroes saints on high,
Painting its victims spirits fell,
And sending them to lowest hell.

A drop of ink makes a hero,
And another gives a Nero;
But the Nero is half a hero,
And the hero is half a Nero.

Immortal Bruce! an assassin red!
At the alter stabs the Comyn dead;
Righteous Robespierre! incarnate demon!
Quits the Bench because the law's inhuman.

Man! Strange mixture of good and evil,
Sometimes saint, sometimes devil—
Now a tyrant, now a slave,
Half a coward, half a brave.

His good and bad all interwoven,
Head all halo'd, feet all cloven,
Both man and beast — it is no matter—
He is our own dear brother Satyr.

We will love him for his mother,
We'll forgive him, he's our brother;
His virtues and vices divided by two,
And strike his balance good and true.

SUNRISE.

Alectryon claps his wings and thrice salutes the dawn;
Night-birds of evil fly in flocks to the caverns of the West;
Aurora, herald of the coming day, flushes the rose-red Orient,
And flings wide the ivory gates of Morn;
Golden-haired Apollo, in the blazing chariot of the Sun,
Drives his fiery steeds up the Eastern sky:
The Sun hath risen!

All nature awakes—man, beast and bird,
Joining in one universal chorus,
Sing praises to the great God of day,
Giver of light, heat, life and every blessing.

DAWN

Dawn is the hour of all the twenty-four
When the creature the Creator can best adore.

YE GRAND OLD TREES ON BROOKWOOD LAWN

Ye grand old trees on Brookwood lawn,
Remnant of a vast forest gone,
Where mastadon, buffalo, bear erst did roam
And the Redman had his wigwam home,
Ye have weathered many a storm!
Indian, hunter, farmer have come and gone,
Still unscathed ye flourish on
Clothed in Nature's living green,
The fairest woodland ever seen.

Here Susie and I built our home,
Here many happy years have flown,
Here our children grew, and romped, and played
Without a care in thy grateful shade;
In yon cool and shady bower
Lovers have beguiled the fleeting hour;
Beneath yon wide-spreading tulip,
Kentucky Colonels have sipped the julep,
Puffed the soothing Havana smoke,
Cracked many a merry joke,
While they admired the horses on parade,
As proudly thy step in thy shade,
Showing their beauty, paces and speed

And the purity of their patrician breed.
In this wide Manor Hall,
Open alike to great and small,
Friends have met in converse sweet,
And parted nevermore to meet!

Soon we, too, must go,
As others have come and gone before.
Stranger! when you come succeeding me,
Spare, oh kindly spare each tree;
Each to me is doubly dear,
Fondly cherished many a year;
For when carking cares with the moiling day have fled,
And the quiet stars crown each leafy head,
The Spirit of the Grove, as to the Druids of old,
Hath whispered many mystic secrets to my soul.

PEDIGREES AND COATS OF ARMS.

I.

You may have heard tell of Colonel O'Fell,
Who struck it rich in a big oil well?
A gentleman he of the highest degree,
And the cream of the bon-ton his family;
To buy his "coat of arms" had cost him whole lots,
So he stamped it on his coach, his plate, even his pots;
His pedigee, made to order by a skilled expert,
Showed him created of the noblest dirt,
Descended from no less a hero in lineal turn
Than Robert De Felton, slain at Bannockburn.
In splendor he lived in a fine stone front,
And horses he had for the coach and the hunt;
His balls and his routs and his daughter's new gown
Were the envy of all and the talk of the town,
And all "society" was in the greatest of glee
Whenever requested to partake of his tea,
For it was a sure test, no matter who wondered,
That the invited was one of the "Four Hundred."

II.

But often—when drinking—I've heard Flannagan tell,
How in old Dublin, when a boy, he played with O'Fell;
"Didn't he live in the alley joust over the way?
His fayther was a washerwoman and his mayther drove a dray."

And Mistress O'Fell, when a maiden, lived in Berlin,
A-selling her fish and a-swearing like sin!
She vasn't so tall up, but more vider out,
Not pretty for much, but hell for stout.

III.

If he who so proudly boasts of his pedigree
Will but look, he's sure to see
Some scoundrel of low degree
Hanging by a rope in his ancestral tree.

IV.

In this land of the free and home of the brave,
Where no man is master and no man is slave,
The honest are the noble and the brave are the free,
And this is enough for "arms" and "pedigree;"
For a man may be man! whatever his station,
It is the virtue of her sons gives rank to a nation.

PERSONALS

I.

In the Sunday paper the "personal" gabble
Is more read than the Holy Bible;
Saint and sinner, belle and beau,
Study the "personals" o'er and o'er,
As if the world and its fate
Depended upon our little great.
Away with Manilla, or any great battle,
Give us idle gossip, personal tattle,
When Mr. Donkey comes to town,
When Miss Flunkey wears a new gown.

This wild itching for cheap notoriety
Is the bane of all society;
True, Dan'l Boone did almost faint
To see his name in good black print,
But he'd killed Indians and the bear—
You? have looked the owl and scared a hare.

II.

In the personals, displayed, you'll see
Where Miss Poodle gave a great tea;
A flower and a sandwich the bill of fare,
And all half starved who dined there,
No matter for that—they cut a great caper,
Their names emblazoned in Sunday's paper.

III.

"Miss Sally Slouch, the divinely fair,
In her garden this morning took the air;"
Never seriously ill, there is no question—
Merely indisposed from indigestion;
A garden walk and a laxative lotion
Have quite restored her to a lover's devotion.

IV.

"Major Highliver, by much work oppressed,
Has gone to the springs for long needed rest:"
Soaked with licker, through and through,
He has hurried away to cool his flue.

"From the springs the Major has returned,
After a rest so richly earned."
Again to stuffing, again to booze,
Again the big liver, again the red nose.

V.

"Colonel Bonepart Noodles *is to be* wedded,"
So the personal in the papers is headed.

Later—"Colonel Noodles to Miss Boodles *is* married,"
So again all the papers are harried.

"Colonel and Mrs. Noodles are in Boston,
Seeing the sights and having their fun."

"Colonel and Mrs. Noodles are now 'at home,'
To friends at No. 400 Allee Shinbone."

Four times the papers notice this one great event,
It hasn't cost the Colonel a demd red cent;
Now "personals" will have seven month rest,
Till the pair with a ten-pound baby is blessed.

VI.

And so it goes, round and round—
The wise, the fool and the clown,
Beau and belle, sinner and saint,
Those have conquered, those that ha'n't,
From the old man to the child,
Somebodies, nobodies, all are wild,
And would gladly go to—well!
To see their names in "personal."

THE THREAD OF LIFE

What can be avoided whose end is purposed by the Mighty Gods?—Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 2.

I.

The Fates are sisters three,
Tho differing much in degree,
All unavoidable is their decree.

II.

Lovely Clotho, divinely fair,
Beautious face and sunny hair,
Bright and fresh as dewy dawn,
Her pure life just in its morn;
Sweetly singing she spins the golden thread,
And over us her smiles are shed;
Then life is one unceasing joy,
Without a sorrow to alloy.

III.

Lachesis, older and of queenly grace,
Raven hair and classic face,
Now takes the mystic strand
And with deft and cunning hand
Many a checkered color spins
Of noble deeds and darkest sins,
Pain and pleasure, smiles and tears,
Peace and strife, hopes and fears.

IV.

Absorbed with our joys and cares,
Heedless of Atropos and her shears,
A sworn foe to mortal man,
With cruel and treacherous hand
She slyly snips the slender thread—
All is over: we are dead.

ODE TO THE SUN

Thou bright source of all things good,
Who giveth us light, heat and life,
And maketh the earth teem with blessings,
We lift our souls in gratitude to thee.

For countless ages the generations
Of man have come and gone, thanking thee
For thy goodness: Yet it abideth still, as when
Thou first began thy shining course thro space.

Thou didst banish Night; bring order out of Chaos;
Destroy the monster Python; and set the Seasons on their courses;
Frozen Winter melts in thy warm embrace;
Young Spring, kirtled in flowers,
To thee sings her maiden song of love;
The hosts of leafy Summer, rife with joyous life,
In swelling chorus sing thy praise;
And in thy honor Autumn pours from
Cornucopia golden showers of plenty
Upon thy happy, grateful children.

Many worship thee as God, thou'rt but His creature-symbol,
One of myriad Suns coursing ever onward thro space,
Whose music of the spheres glorifies

The good Creator of the Universe—
The omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite, eternal,
Without beginning or ending and *benevolent.*

TO THE GODDESS FORTUNE

Fortune! thou fair, false, spiteful quean,
Hadst thou but smiled it might have been!
But thy malice hath pursued me ever,
Defeating always each high endeavor.

Full well I know without thy favor
In vain we toil and moil and labor,
But repine and whine I will never,
Or, like poor Tennahill,* jump in the river.
To Hades with thee, thou false strumpet!
Let fame proclaim some other name
In thy blarsted, blooming trumpet.

*We know too late that the world lost some beautiful lyrics when the publisher declined to print them, and this young heart-broken Scotchman burned them and committed suicide.

THEY WILL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE

In the quiet evening-tide,
By the family fireside,
When every chair is filled but one:
They will miss me when I'm gone.

When the day is overcast
And troubles blow thick and fast,
When to advise there is not one:
They will miss me when I'm gone.

All unused to storm and strife,
Who will guard that sunny, tender life
When the days grow old and lone?
She will miss me when I'm gone,
Oh! she will miss me when I'm gone!

ROBBIE BURNS

I.

Who wants a song for a drinking bout?
Robbie Burns has writ it out;
Who wants an epitaph for a scoundrel?
Robbie Burns has penned the roundel;
A louse upon my ladies' bonnet
Is theme to him for a sonnet;
A mouse upturned in the furrow
Fills his muse with heartfelt sorrow;
A wounded hare limping by
Makes the reader almost cry;
Tam O'Shanter is a warning
To husbands out till almost morning;
Better far thro life to go
Like John Anderson, my Jo.
A few lines to his old mare, Maggie,
Makes her immortal, tho stiff and shaggy;
The two dogs will let you know,
The story of the rich and poor;
His advice to a youthful friend
Might well be heeded by older men,
In tattling moments we oft impart
Gossip that wounds many a heart.
With empty purse and a scolding wife
He'll teach you how to enjoy life;
He can tell the heart's great story,

Painting le grande passion in its glory;
From lauding a queen to clouting a kettle,
From cuddlin' his kimmer to teething a heckle:
All things in life he can glorify
With poetic fire from on high.

II.

How well you know, O, Robbie Burns,
The devious path with all its turns;
Hawk! to Dr. Hornbook your rebuke
Makes decent bodies almost puke;
When you murder hate by field and flood
I see little in you that is good.
Boozie old sinner, hardened and hoary,
You'll spend a spell in purgatory,
And old Clootie'll make you know
Whether the moon has three horns or four.
But—
Because of the cotter's prayer and Mary in Heaven,
All your sins have been forgiven;
Long ago you are prayed into glory
By millions of hearts who read your story.

III.

Poor Robbie Burns, my heart does bleed,
To see him dying in neglected need,
While fatted pigs in wealth wallow,
Genius starves in wretched squalor;

Bitter adversity could not suppress
The poetic fires in his breast.
Toiling thro life like a slave,
Its richest gems the world he gave;
Contented wi little and canty with more,
He is the poet of the poor,
The great and learned must love him too,
He writes so much that's wise and true.
Other poets have tuned the lyre,
But none so touch the heart with fire:
Tent him well, my dear young man,
And the human heart you'll learn to scan.

PERRY MONEY

[A Born Rhymer.]

I.

Here's to dear old Perry Money,
He was rich, rare and funny;
He could make a happy rhyme
On anything at any time;
Sometimes witty, oft sublime,
Mostly humorous, always sunny,
Ever sweet as Hybla honey.
Truly, he spent his life a rhyming,
And when he died he went a-climbing
Up the golden stairs, still a-rhyming.

He always voted the Democratic ticket,
Down in rhyme his vote he'd stick it,
And for each candidate's name
He always had a witty rhyme.

He listed his horses, cows and swine
Each by name and all in rhyme;
But his taxes he never paid,
Except with rhymes, his stock in trade.

So here's to Uncle Perry,
Always cheery, always merry.
Tho he never had any money,
Always funny, always sunny,
Was merry, sunny Perry Money.

II.

Out among the lovely Green county hills,
Where all are happy and life hath no ills,
Far down the glen beside the murmuring stream,
Where he was wont to stroll and dream,
The owl sings her watch-song in his cabin home,
And his unmarked grave with briars is overgrown.

His gentle spirit has fled to unknown climes,
Relentless Fate hath left us none of his rhymes,
The places that knew him, know him not—
Gone and forgot!—the common lot
Of empires, kings and thrones,
Tyres, Ninevahs and Babylons;
Civilizations that rose and have fallen,
And left no trace but a broken column.

III.

And yet! by St. Jago! if alive,
Old Perry never a grunt would give;
He'd laugh at all—devouring Time,
And flaunt him with a merry rhyme;
He'd have his say and live his day,
Take his dram and make his rhyme,
Defying both Fate and Time
With Epicurian philosophy sublime.

THE REVEREND RACCOON JOHN SMITH

Brother Raccoon John is a mighty teacher
Of doctrines quaint and rare;
The like o' him there's no such preacher
In the land, far or near.

Long, lank, lean with voice o' thunder
He roars and rumbles;
The gaping crowd stares in blank wonder
And to his racket tumbles.

His creed he proves it is the best
By pounding and by thumping;
And each point he clinches fast
By stomping and by jumping.

Brass for brains, or lungs for logic, seldom gains
Those who think and ponder,
But sounding brass is better than brains
To those who gape and wonder.

LYCURGUS SMITH

Here Lycurgus once in glory lived,
No laws to any did he give,
But on cattle, sheep and swine
His judgment was an oracle divine.

No one ever passed the road,
But "Curg" must stop him for a word;
His heart and home were open as day,
Nor friend, nor beggar hungry went away.

O, but he could "carve de 'possum"
When sweet potatoes around it blossom,
And seasoned with his wit and beer
Nothing in life could give more cheer.

He helped the orphan and the poor
And at hypocracy roundly swore;
He'd pull his coat off for a friend,
And his last dollar freely spend.

In politics he was a power,
Many a candidate bemoaned the hour
When he marched up to the polls
Leading battallions of poor souls.

The game cock was his special pride,
A mongrel he could ne'er abide;
And in many a hard fought main
He proved the valor of his strain.

At Sunday school he was no teacher,
But he could preach just like the preacher;
And no speaker he ever heard
But he could mimic, word for word.

Of anecdote he had a fund,
Unceasing humor, and oft a pun,
For Mother Wit none was quicker;
And if tell I must—he loved his licker.

Little children were his delight,
For him they'd sing, or dance, or fight;
And when the year had many a wrinkle
He'd visit them as old Kriss Kringle.

Christmas just before he died,
From a sick bed he feebly hied
To play Kriss Kringle one time more
Before he left this mortal shore.

"Children, Kris will come no more,
He is summoned and must go;"

(And in tones that made them cry):
"Now I bid you all bood-bye.
Poor old Kris is sad and lone—
Don't forget him when he's gone."

Of his life such is the simple story,
I pray he hasn't gone to purgatory;
But e'en old Hornie he'd so charm,
He'd ne'er find heart to do him harm.

He loved his mother with sublime devotion,
Tho 'tisn't orthodox, I have a notion
The Great Judge'll be a little blind
To faults of one so noble and so kind.

No more! we'll stir the social toddy
With that big, warm-hearted body,
And talk of farmin', trusts and cattle
And how the red cock won his battle.

The weeds are growing in the gate,
The bachelor's home is desolate,
His name is fading from the earth,
My life has lost much of its mirth.

SLIMY SLICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW

I.

Hail! old Barebones, thou'st caught Slimy Slick
Napping at last!
Tent well ye grip 'im fast,
Or, smart's ye are, he'll play his 'possum trick,
And slip away,
Alack-a-day!

II.

Lucky day! when he died,
Hoof and horn, tail and hide.
Sure, 'tis no fake?
Yes, dead beyond mistake.

III.

Buried in congenial dirt, slimy and cold,
Old Hornie searched him for his soul—
None he found
In the hound;
Next grave-worms bored for his brain,
If, perchance, a lunch they might obtain—
The like was never known,
His skull was solid bone!

Then they explored his heart to the bottom
And found it both hollow and rotten;
His body stunk
Like a skunk:
Disgusted! the worms crawled away,
Leaving it to mould in slow decay.

IV.

And thus this sneaking little whelp
Fooled e'en the devil himself,
Cozened the poor while he lived,
And cheated the worms in his grave:
But Death tricked 'im,
And nicked 'im.

V.

Now! honest lawyers will be blessed,
Each loving the other
As a brother;
And from fraud and trickery have a rest,
With this shyster
No more to pester.

My Dear Phil:

Talk of home without a mother,
Talk of the lad sacked by his lover;
What of the fellow, just half sober,
Who needs "one drink more" to tide him over?

"Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,"
Or spring in the desert to the famished for hours,
"Welcome as first sight of land to roamer by sea,"
Was your big-bellied bottle to the Major and me.

Charlotta and Mary cooled it with ice,
Sweetened with sugar and we drank in a trice;
But one thing was wanting—you kind body,
To stir with us the social toddy.

You may not be a saint,
But I'm sure you're a charmer,
For you're so well acquaint
How to please a farmer.

Thankfully yours,

MY OWN SWEET COUSIN

My own sweet cousin,
My favorite of forty dozen,
I thank you for the licker;
It makes my heart beat quicker
And calls up many a story
Of days old and hoary!
Of your mother and her mother,
My mother and her brother,
Grandmother and grandfather Adam, too,
And the licker he used to brew;
For of all the Campbell clan
Now multiplied in the land,
Love most strongly binds
Our two noble lines;
And from the very go
It has ever been so,
And may continue to be
Through all eternity.

They say I'm like Uncle Jimmy gone,
Because I love the demijohn,
And that I'll drink a peck,
And catch it in the neck,
And some day go hence
By a fall off the fence,
Like our dear old Uncle Jimmy,
Who fondly loved his demmy.

But of all the Campbell clan
(By whom licker's under ban),
You and I alone appreciate
The defi there is to Fate
In the dear old rusty demmy
Of dear old Uncle Jimmy.

Lawton dies in glorious battle,
Praised like any fine beef cattle,
But the world's triumphant clatter
To Uncle Jimmy didn't matter,
About fame he never worried,
In business he never hurried;
Taking events as they come,
Never sad and never glum,
Always merry, ne'er forlorn,
Ever jolly in his corn;
For a philosopher was he
Of the highest degree,
And this precept he left
To his friends all bereft:

"Enjoy life while you may,
It is a brief play;
Never bother about fame,
It is merely a name,
For oblivion swallows all,
The great and the small."

And thus lived our Uncle Jimmy,
Truly loving his dear demmy.
So here's to dear Nancy,
The cousin I most fancy;
And here's to her demmy
For the sake of Uncle Jimmy;
For only she and I
(Being judges of rye)
Of all the Campbell clan
Can appreciate a man
Like dear old Uncle Jimmy*
With his glorious old demmy.

Thankfully yours,

Brookwood, Christmas night, 1899.

---

* Dear old Uncle Jimmy! A canny Scot was he. At the distance of 50 years I still see his merry, twinkling eyes. He had strolled out on his farm where the negroes were at work, and was seated on the fence indulging a thought and cogitating an idea, when the rail turned, he fell backward, broke his neck, and so shuffled off this mortal coil. Only occasionally he got glorious o'er all the ills of life victorious. His line is extinct. Green grow the grass aboon him He was the jolliest man of all the Campbell clan.

BUNGLE BOO-LOO, A JUNGLE KING

DEAR NANCY:

It was a wild night;
The winter wind was screaming down the blast,
The Old Year was dying! dying hard and fast;
The Blizzard was fiercely weaving his sleety shroud
And, striving for the Old Man's Soul, Demons were howling loud.
Before the fire I sat remorseful, the Devil's blue,
Raging above the storm, eager to seize me too.
No man of woman born
Was ever so forlorn,
And of a whole city full
None was so pitiful—
When, lo! I heard a tapping!
A low, distinct, spirit rapping
At my den door;
Then with a double rap,
In stalked your Jug o' Zapp!!
A merry little chap,
The which I hastened to tap,
Of horrors quite relieved.

I "hit it" once—perhaps twice—
Perchance it was thrice:
For sure I don't know—
Maybe it was four:

At that let it go,
Since in this world of woe
Things whirl about so
A feller can't always know
Whether he's on his head or on his toe,
Or the seat of his pants is behind or before;
But of this I am sure,
From the lowest of the poor,
I am now a King of Jungle fame
And Bungle Boo-loo is my name!

"I have scores of slaves of every size
To fan my brow and catch the flies;"
Thousands of hogs, just as many cattle,
Pocket full o' chink, lord! you orter hear it rattle;
My little speckle hen which a setting would go,
Now lays three eggs a day, on Sunday lays four;
My old gray mar, white as any flour,
Carries me one hundred forty miles every other hour,
The further she goes she gets all the quicker,
She never covers a mile but she gives a nicker;
And when I hear her nicker I take a drink of licker.

So hurly burly, boil and bubble,
Send all trubble to de debble;
Be a Jungle, Bungle Boo-loo King,
And gaily cut the pigeon-wing,
For Christmas come but once a year.

Cousin Nancy, thanks to you,
And to Cousin Charlie, too;
For of a moping beggar tame,
You've made a King of Jungle fame.

BUNGLE BOO-LOO.

December 25, 1903 (midnight).

Brookwood, Nov. 14, 1911.

DEAR NANCY:

This world is false and hollow,
But may the de'il take me
If ever I forsake ye
As long's you've got a dollar;
I'd think none the less of you
Had you a million or two;
If you have but half that sum,
Command me always, late or soon:
I have ever been your friend,
Hoping to be remembered at the end.

In the matter of your will
(Trusting you've the same intention still)
I would suggest a restriction
For your very kind reflection.

If to me land you leave it,
I'll be dem'd if I'll have it
I'd know that you gave it
To *make* me work and slave it.

In your testamentary election
I *could* make no objection
To a bunch of Government bonds
With their semi-annual coupons:
They would give me leisure
To clip the coupons at pleasure,

And convert them into gold
To buy masses for *your* soul.

But according to your creed,
No masses will you need;
Therefore nothing under the skies
Would be so highly prized
As the dear old rusty demmy
Of dear old Uncle Jimmy,
Filled with "ten-year-old"
For the good of *my* soul.

While nothing could console me,
Yet it would condole me
And give some temporary relief
To my incurable grief.
It would be a precious keepsake,
Reminder of toddies we used to take;
Whenever I'd be a-drinking
'Twould of you I'd be a-thinking;
And to ease my heart-ache,
And for your dear sake,
I'd have a little wake
About three times a day.
So never mind the land, the bonds or the money,
But *don't forget* the Bourbon and a little brandy and honey.
Yours hoping,

HON. G. ALLISON HOLLAND

Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR ALLISON:

In good old Henry prudish Temperance is at the helm
And jolly John Barleycorn is banished the realm;
The kindly mint longer refuses to grow
And with its fragrance we're blessed no more;
All are grown so unco nice
That even Winter denies us ice;
Our thoroughbreds we may not run,
And we dare not kiss a girl in fun;
Friend meets friend, they pass the day
And each goes on his weary way;
The days drag the dull hours along
And the nights are void of frolic and song;
No more the heart bubbles over
As in the days when we lived in clover;
A melancholy gloom pervades us all
As if the Plague had spread its pall;
We're driven to coca-cola and malt mead,
But neither gives us any speed;
In sorrow and dool we mourn the day
When generous old Bourbon was voted away.

In the Julep you pledge me once again,
And of slumbering thoughts awake a busy train;
I sigh for the days to memory dear

And all unbidden comes a tear.
Whatever fate may betide me,
Nothing, dear friend, can divide me
From the memory of those vanished "days
Olden and golden and radiant with rays."

I thank you kindly for your poetical letter;
I'll write you otherwise when I feel better;
I should love to reciprocate your toast,
But I scorn to insult you with the ghost
Of dear old John Barleycorn,
So yours truly, but all forlorn.

UNCLE WASH

Brookwood, Oct. 15, 1909.

COL. POLK MILLER,

Richmond, Va.

My Dear Colonel: I couldn't sleep last night, and as I tossed I got to thinking about Uncle Wash, my shattered idol; hence these. I'm afraid I spoke too harshly of him when I saw you last. Of course, I knew that he and most darkies would steal in a small way, but to be so damnably caught with his house full of plunder stolen for him by his young rogues was too provoking. I am over the shock now, and I trust the recording angel, with a tear, has blotted out all charges against him.

I.

Uncle Wash was old Marster's favorite slave,
Polite and proud as a Virginia cavalier,
But for all that he was a great knave,
What a Fagin he was we now have to hear.

II.

He rous-ed up his rogues afore de broke o' day,
He rous-ed up his rogues an' to dem he did say:
Chicken on de roos' and fat am de goose,
Seize 'um by de neck and doan you let 'um loose;
Turkey in de tree a roosin' berry high,
Pull him might' easy or he'll riz and fly;

Pig in de pen fat as he can waller,
He's de sweetest meat nigger eber swaller;
Slip up easy, grab 'im by de heel,
Knock 'im in de head and doan you let 'im squeal;
When you's cocht 'em all fotch 'um to me,
We'll hab a feast and a jubilee;
For ole marster he's gond away
And we niggers am a-gwine to play.

III.

I is axed all de nabers fer ter-morrer night
(Get your razers ready, dar mout be a fight).
Ole Aunt Dinah she'll mind he griddle,
Ole Uncle Ned he'll play de fiddle,
And we'll dance all de night
Till de broad day light.
So when you's cocht 'um all fotch 'um to me,
We'll hab a dance and a jubilee.

IV.

Poor Uncle Wash! his jubilees are o'er,
He has crossed the dark river to the other shore;
He was so polite, so gentle and so kind,
To his faults we'll be a little blind;
For all the darkeys very justly feel,
From ole Marster 'tis no harm to steal.

VOLUNTEER STAR—PANDO

Volunteer Star No. 1614, foaled 1873, died about 1894, is buried on Brookwood Farm at the bottom of the garden under an apple tree and close to the fence and public highway, so his grave can not be plowed over.

In the same grave is buried poor little Pando, a beautiful Fox-terrier of the greatest intelligence and sweetest disposition. Fighting to the last he was killed by Mike, four times his weight, a brute bulldog, kept at the horse barn. His devotion to me passes all description. I have never been able to frame an epitaph that can do justice to his worth, or express my sorrow. A tablet covers their grave on which this is inscribed:

VOLUNTEER STAR No. 1614

SIRE OF

Alaric ..... record 2.22¾
Bethlehem Star ..... record 2.20¾
Valkyr—record 2.19¾; 2.25 in 9th heat;
2:14 European record;
And Other Trotters

Of patrician breed,
And marvellous speed;
Of beauty rare,
A horse beyond compare.

His get proclaim
His lasting fame.
Sleep well! friend of mine,
The noblest of all thy kind.

With aches, pains, curses and groans,
Perish the vandal who disturbs his bones.

* * *

PANDO!
Sorrow is mute.

CAPTAIN JACK

(Adapted from one of Dryden's tales from Chaucer, entitled, "The Cock and the Fox.")

I.

Capt. Jack was as game a little cock
As ever in lusty pride led forth his flock;
His glittering plumage was black as a crow,
Except his crest was white as Alpine snow;
Of the black, white-crested Polish breed,
And from the Mormans he took his creed.

II.

This gallant cock, for solace of his life,
Five misses had, besides his lawful wife.
He swaggered like a Lord about his hall,
And his six wives came running at his call.
Often he feathered them in wanton sport
And crowed defiance from his lusty throat.

III.

He guarded his walk with jealous care
And if amorous cocks intruded there
He'd scratch and peck and gaff and swear
Until their feathers filled the air;
And when beaten they would flying go,
He'd clap his wings, and crow, and crow.

IV.

At my study window in a maple tree
He kept his harem for years quite three,
There he slept, his wives on either side,
Snuggled close as a new-made bride.
At eleven he'd clap his wings and crow,
Warning me 'twas time to bed to go;
At twelve, if the lights were not out,
Thrice his shrill clarion would ring out;
At one he'd clap and crow and crow
Until, distracted with his din, I'd read no more.*

V.

One morning, 'neath the tree, little Jack lay dead,
Cold his body, low his crested head,
His conquests, glories, pride and pleasure,
Like great Caesar's, shrunk to this little measure!

VI.

In sorrow I buried him by Star and Pando,
Who, with many friends! are gone before;
Now my nightly vigils alone I keep,
Yet oft in dreams I hear him while I sleep.

*Literally true; he would crow with great regularity at the hours stated.

WHY JOSTLE A BROTHER

Why should you jostle a brother?
We are all journeying together,
Rich and poor, free and slave,
Onward to the equal grave.

Lend him rather a helping hand,
Lighten his burden if you can;
It will cheer him on his road
And make you more akin to God.

A trifle tossed to a beggar,
A kindly word to even a "nigger"
Will make your heart all the bigger,
Tho you your millions swagger.

ANDY JACKSON AND THE OLD TAVERN AT NEW CASTLE, KY.

Many inn-keepers have passed and gone,
Yet Andy Jackson still lingers on;
Fifty years at the same old stand,
The finest waiter in all the land.

Obliging, cheerful and always handy
None can serve you quite like Andy;
His skin is black, but his soul is white,
No Kentucky gentleman is more polite.

Lawyers have come and lawyers have gone!
How many have you waited on?
What a list of forgotten dead
You can conjure from your head!
And still you bravely jog along
As if to die you were not born.

It's Andy this and it's Andy that,
Here and there he trots pit-a-pat;
Cards run bad and lawyers get dry—
"Hurry, Andy! pray be spry!"

He's as honest as "Honest old Abe,"
But says his dram he's "bound to hab;"
So, when lawyers are wrangling in court

About homicide, trespass and tort,
He boldly opens each one's grip,
Says a toast and takes a nip.*

In all the town there's none like Andy,
With the sisters he's polite and handy;
Ye pick-a-ninnies love him as your mother,
For ought you know he is your father.

Andy! at you I've often fussed,
Railed, stormed and almost cussed,
Sometimes because you were not quicker,
Sometimes because you drank my licker;
At your expense cracked many a joke,
But nothing has ever our friendship broke.

May we live for many a year
And still be spared for many jowers.
If you go first, I will drop a tear
On your grave, and place some flowers.

---

*Not in the sense of stealing, for we allow Andy to help himself whenever, like Sara Gamp, he feels so "dispoged."

THERE'LL BE HELL IN HELL TONIGHT

(Some twenty years ago in the town of F———, two gossiping shrews died the same night; hence these:)

There'll be hell in hell tonight:
Old Jenny and old Lou,
The finest wildcats ever grew,
Will quarrel, claw and fight,
And there'll be hell in hell tonight.

Old Hornie! with ye I'm not well acquainted,
I'm sure ye're better than ye're painted;
In a friendly way let me say
Ye've reigned and ruled your day:
Abdicate and fly away!
Old Jenny and old Lou,
The finest wildcats ever grew,
Will quarrel, claw and fight,
Envy, hate and back-bite,
And raise more hell in hell a minute
Than ye in all the ages ye have run it.

DEATH

Skulls, bones, coffins and worms paralyze
The cowherd while he lives, the catiff when he dies;
Yet death is just as natural as birth,
So 'tis ordained by the Creator of earth:
From dust we come, to dust return,
A flower springs from a just man's urn;
But not the soul in the grave we leave it—
It returns to God who gave it.

Grieve not for me with too much weeping,
I am not dead, but only sleeping;
Drop a tear, plant a rose on my breast,
Return to the world, leave me to rest;
I would not cloud thy day with sorrow,
We'll meet over there on the morrow.

IMPROVIDENCE

If it costs us no labor we prize it very low,
If it comes easy, easy 'twill go,
We will live high and the money will fly,
For we never miss the water till the well runs dry.

HERE LIES J. G.

As pious a scoundrel as ever lived,
His long prayers no one believed;
Whence he came none could tell,
Whither he went all know full well.

IDLE RUMOR

We praise the speed of our trains,
Our automobiles and aeroplanes,
Marconi wireless and telegraphs,
At all of which the philosopher laughs,
For nothing faster flies or gets there sooner
Than slander, scandal and idle rumor.

Humble or great, rich or poor,
An honest man I do adore;
Rich or poor, humble or great,
A rascal I do abominate.

THE FOUR SEASONS

Spring, kertled in flowers, with all her charms,
Falls into ardent Summer's lusty arms;
Golden Autumn crowns the fruitful play,
Then snowy Winter comes and ends the day:
How brief the play!
How short the day!

LIFE

The beginning and the ending.

Hail! the dawning,
The glories of the morning sun
When the day awakes with hope and song
And life is begun;
Avaunt! the gloaming
When the day is declining,
And hope turns to repining,
And life is done!

"Then pray, sir, read it aloud," said Sancho, "for I mightly relish these love matters."

STILL GIVE THAT TENDER GLANCE TO ME

The Church declares it shall not be,
The Law confirms the stern decree,
Hopeless tho we both may be,
When no prying eye can see,
Still give that tender glance to me.

On the street, at the ball,
In the exclusive Manor Hall,
Hopeless tho we both may be,
When no prying eye can see,
Still give that stolen glance to me.

In spite of Church and State and Hades
And every man and law that made is,
I still will view thy matchless charms,
And again enfold thee in my arms:
When no prying eye can see,
Still give that tender glance to me.

CAN I FORGET

I.

O the flowers that bloom in summer
Decking the woods in countless number;
Can I forget the summer hours
Passed with her among the flowers?

Can I forget my sweet Wild-flower,
Her tresses fallen in golden shower;
Can I forget those eyes of blue,
And those lips of honey-dew?

Can I forget those circling arms
And that breathing bosom's charms;
Can I forget that sigh of rest,
Her fair head pillowed on my breast?
Can I forget!

II.

Bleak winter came upon the blast,
She and the flowers are with the past!
Sadly I mourn the love that's dead,
Broken my heart, bowed my head.

The summer hours will come again,
And summer flowers deck wood and plain,
But nevermore youth that's fled,
Nevermore love that's dead—
Nevermore!

DON'T SIT ON THE GRASS

HE

My sweet, winsome lassie O,
Don't sit on the grassie O;
A cold will seize you in head,
Then my lassie will be dead!

Sit on my knee, my dearie O,
It will be more cheerie O,
And my arms will shield the cold
From the lassie o' my soul!

SHE

Never mind my calfie O,
Don't you be so daffie O,
It isn't the cold in the head,
But in the heart makes lassie dead.

I fear you are a gay laddie O,
What says dear old daddie O?
"To be shielded in a laddies arms
Makes a lassie lose her charms."

JENNIE AND I

Down by a murmuring brook—
Jennie and I,
In a sequestered nook
We held an open book,
But both forgot to look—
Fie! Jennie and I.

There alone, under the skies,
Lonely Jennie and I,
We read in each other's eyes,
We heard each other's sighs,
And it was paradise—
Aye? Jennie and I.

Then came love's first kiss—
My! My! Jennie and I;
Oh, who would miss
Its nameless bliss,
It was more than paradise—
Hey? Jennie and I.

CLARE

I sing not
Of her form complete,
Nor of her fairy feet
That, under her skirt so neat
With my heart play bo-peep;

Nor her lips of honey-dew,
Nor her eyes of heaven-blue,
Whose glance so demure
Makes my heart beat tattoo;

But of the beautiful hair
Of my beautiful Clare;
It blows about her form
Like the willow in the storm,
And in its threads of gold
It has entangled my soul!

ANNIE DOOLEY

Oh, tell me, tell me, Annie Dooley,
Do you, do you love me truly?
Others may entertain me,
You alone can enchain me.

Is it wealth of raven hair;
Or your skin as lily fair;
Or your sparkling blue-gray eye;
Or cheek where rose and lily vie;
Or laughing teeth thro lips of roses;
Or your wit your mind discloses;
Or your soul pure as the brook
Where Psyche, mirrored enamored looked;
Or your form so complete;
Or your winning way so sweet;
Or your dependence as the vine
Which the oak doth entwine;
Or your freshness of the dawn
In the dewy month of June;
Or the dimple in your chin
That'd make a Christian sin?
What it is I cannot say
Makes you haunt me all the day,
Fills the night with dreams of thee,
Driving sleep and rest from me.

Oh, tell me, tell me Annie Dooley,
Do you, do you love me truly?
Others may entertain me:
You alone can enchain me.

MY ANGEL

As I strolled down Broadway,
Idly passing the time away,
I met my Angel of years ago,
Whom I used madly to adore:
    The same sweet smile she used to do!
    But she was fat and her teeth were new.

OH, WHERE'S THE HAND

(This is a lame imitation of Tom Moore's exquisite melody, "Here's the Bower.")

Here's her harp that used to thrill,
  Her's the soul that evoked it;
Now it is mute and still:
  Oh, where's the hand that stroked it.

Here's her favorite poet in its place,
  Her's the voice that graced it;
Her name familiar as her face!
  Oh, where's the hand that traced it?

IT IS SWEET

WINE

When our burden's so heavy we scarcely can bear,
And cares so beset that we almost despair,
O sweet with a friend is a bottle of wine
To encourage the heart and inspire the mind:
Then cares, like bats, fly away in the dark,
Sweet sirens sing us to hope and to hark,
Peace pervades the soul, as moonlight the night,
And the senses are steeped in lotus-delight.

MUSIC

When authors are prosy and books are dreary,
When thought is a burden and of writing we're weary,
It is sweet to be enveloped in Music's soft waves,
To feel the heart melt to its sweet measured staves,
To view the bright visions that float thro the brain,
To know its sweet sorrow, so pleasant its pain,
To feel that death would be robbed of its pangs
If we could expire with its expiring strains.

MOONLIGHT

When the ledger is closed and the day's work is done,
And the uproar of life's battling is gone with the sun,
It is sweet in the quiet of the still balmy night
To watch the soft glories of the summer moonlight,

The trees and the flowers in their silvery sheen,
The lights and the shadows that lie on the green,
Till the heart is enchanted with the fairy-like scenes,
And the soul, with rapture, is lost in its dreams.

LOVE

When friends are a burden and pleasures oppress,
And the heart feels a longing it cannot express,
It is sweet to be near my Beautiful One
And to feel her presence like a holy benison;
To read in her eyes the depth of the skies
And to hear her low sighs like music that dies;
To entangle my fingers in her long golden hair
And feel a deep joy akin to despair;
To clasp her yielding form tenderly to mine,
As, flushing, she whispers, "Love! I'm all thine;"
O, Earth hath no pleasure and Heaven no bliss
To equal the rapture of love's first kiss.

MY WIFE'S NEW BONNET

Sweet wife of mine, we are invited to dine,
Let's go to our neighbor's and have a good time.
Now, sir, do you know I'm mad as a hornet—
My milliner has failed to send my *new* bonnet.

Then, wife of mine, to the theatre we'll go
And hear the divine Patti in opera;
There it is again, and a plague on it—
You know I haven't a *new* opera bonnet.

Sweet wife of mine to heaven did go,
And, bowing, St. Peter threw open the door;
Thanks, St. Peter, I'll not enter into glory,
I prefer to bide a while in purgatory;
For to be plain and tell the truth on it,
I'll never enter heaven without a *new* bonnet.

GIVE ME A PLACE, O LADY, FAIR LADY

[This, with a pretty doll-baby (and some wine) sent to Mrs. G——, Christmas, 1901, upon her return from Europe, she having no baby of her own.]

You've crossed the ocean grand
And returned to native land,
    Welcomed by all!
Wandering by land and sea
Found you a sweeter than me
    When I don't squall?

Roam the earth over,
Sail the seas ever,
    From pole to pole,
Find you will never,
With all your endeavor,
    A cuter little soul.

So give me a place
In your sweet grace,
    O Lady, fair Lady!
Then jolly and canty,
I'll be your little Santy,
    Hey daddy, hi daddy.

JESSIE, SWEET AND TENDER

Sweet little violet modestly blooming,
'Neath the queenly rose assuming;
The idle world adores the queen,
Poor little violet's passed unseen.

Let the world adore Miranda,
Give me Jessie, sweet and tender;
One will nestle in the heart,
The other poison it with a dart.

When friends are false and fair,
When disappointment brings despair,
When by all the world forsaken,
Jessie'll soothe the heart that's breaking.

GUNGA JINNIE

[See Kipling's "Gunga Din.]

Her hair is golden and her eyes are blue,
Her teeth are pearls and her lips roses two,
Her form is divine before and behind—
Enough to wreck a young man's mind,
A young man's mind.

The dress she wore was nothing much before,
And little more than 'alf o' that behind,
A bustle bag and a thin rag
Was the dress she wore,
The dress she wore.

She's the sweetest girl in the whole world,
And sets the brain in a whirl;
More fatal than wine, she is the kind
To wreck a young man's mind,
A young man's mind.

SWEET-HELEN: A VISION

I.

"Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,"
So Sweet-Helen sang often in youth's rosy days;
Her form is now vanished, her sweet voice stilled,
From my life she is banished, my soul it is chilled.

II.

From out the spirit-world this melody evokes her,
Again the tender girl sings to the heart that is broke so;
Over the river she beckons, where flowers ever bloom,
And the heart that is broken finds balm for its wound.

LOVE—FAIR AND FALSE

I.

Love wakes the earth from frozen death,
Fans it with the zephyrs breath,
Waters it with the April rain
And, lo, its bosom throbs again!

Love clothes the hills and vales between
With a carpet of living green;
Builds her bower in the wooded dell,
All fragrant with the flower's smell;
And birds of many colors gay
Blithely carol her wedding day.

Love gives the youth manly grace,
Grows the mustache on his face,
Inspires him with courage so high
That Fate itself he doth defy;
Ready he the guitar to thrum,
Or to charge to beat of drum.

Love with strange longing doth oppress
The fair maiden's budding breast;
In those eyes where slept desire
Love now kindles passions fire;
On her cheeks the lillies paint,
And touches them with the roses tint;

Spins her hair of the sun's bright rays
And veils her figure in its sprays;
Creates a being of such passing beauty,
That the youth, enraptured, is lost to duty.

Thus Love reveals all her charms,
Implores with bare, outstretched arms,
Provides the witching hour and place,
And by every siren grace
Wooes youth and maid to her sweet embrace.

II.

But nature's plan throughout creation
Is to encourage propagation;
Having with us served her turns,
She forsakes, then scorns and spurns.

Now the flower's bloom is shed,
The birds to other climes have fled,
"The trees lift bare arms on high
In mute appeal to the sky;"
The youth and maid, both grown old,
Occupy their corners cold;
One fumbling her needles and knitting,
The other gumming his pipe and spitting;
While the earth with snow and sleet
Is shrouded in its winding sheet.

APPENDIX

Note I.

MARGARET CAMPBELL HARDING

I have been told that she was the most beautiful of women. More than that, she was the sweetest of mothers. This photograph, reproduced from a faded daguerreotype taken about the year 1847, gives but a dim conception of her real appearance. Her fair complexion was perfect; her fine bright eyes were hazel—gray; her flaxen-golden-chestnut hair was three feet long; and her mobile countenance reflected every passing thought. Her unique beauty attracted all, for she was wholly unlike any beautiful woman I ever saw. Too lovely for this gross earth, the angels claimed her in her thirty-ninth year.

APPENDIX

Note II.

Col. John Adair was about five feet eleven inches in stature, spare and athletic, with brown hair and beard and a heavy long mustache. His features were refined, and one of his fine gray eyes had a quaint cast which gave a lively, pleasing expression to his noble countenance. His voice was soft and pleasant and he was rather quiet and retiring. An accomplished musician, he performed on several instruments, and he delighted in polite, especially heroic literature. He generally had a cigar in his mouth which he chewed more than he smoked; and there was an easy negligent grace in his dress, manners and walk which pleased and charmed. A stranger would never suspect that beneath this quiet exterior slumbered one of the most heroic spirits that ever lived. Born out of his time, he belonged to the age of chivalry. He was in Cuba with Crittenden and his fillibusters; I think in the Mexican war, and in the great Civil War on the Southern side. In the absence of the Colonel, as Lieutenant Colonel he lead his regiment at the bloody battle of Shiloh in one of the most desperate charges of that war. In the charge Col. Adair fell. Instantly every soldier was changed to a raging demon. They swept on past his body yelling the most demoniacal curses of vengeance ever heard on a battlefield.

After the battle Col. Adair was found. A Minie ball had plowed through the top of his scalp, but without penerating

the brain. He was nursed slowly back to life, lived several years and is buried in Hart County, Ky.

Kentucky has done justice to the memory of Crittenden, Hardin, Clay, McKee, O'Hara, Hawkins and many more of her chivalric sons, but, strange to say, Col. John Adair, the gentlest knight of them all, is almost forgotten of history.

APPENDIX

Note III.

Victor, or "Old Vic" as he was affectionately called, was beyond question the finest bulldog in the world—the Napoleon of dogs. This picture, made from a battered tintype, gives an inadequate conception of his marvelous points. He was intelligent, affectionate and obedient as a pointer, except in battle he was a holy terror. He never fought a dog but he whipped it, and he killed many. He could no more keep off of a dog than a cat can keep off of a rat. When I first got him, being very proud of him, I let him follow me into town to show him to some friends. He forthwith proceeded to clean up the town dogs; had six fights within an hour and nearly involved me in two; so I had to take him in the buggy and bring him home. Seizing a bullock by the nose he could hold him fast. When we built our home at Brookwood the dense woodland was infested with all sorts of snakes, some of them very large. In two summers Vic killed them all. A snake made him furious and he would shake it to a frazzle. In hay-harvest I have frequently seen him attack a nest of bumble-bees; they would

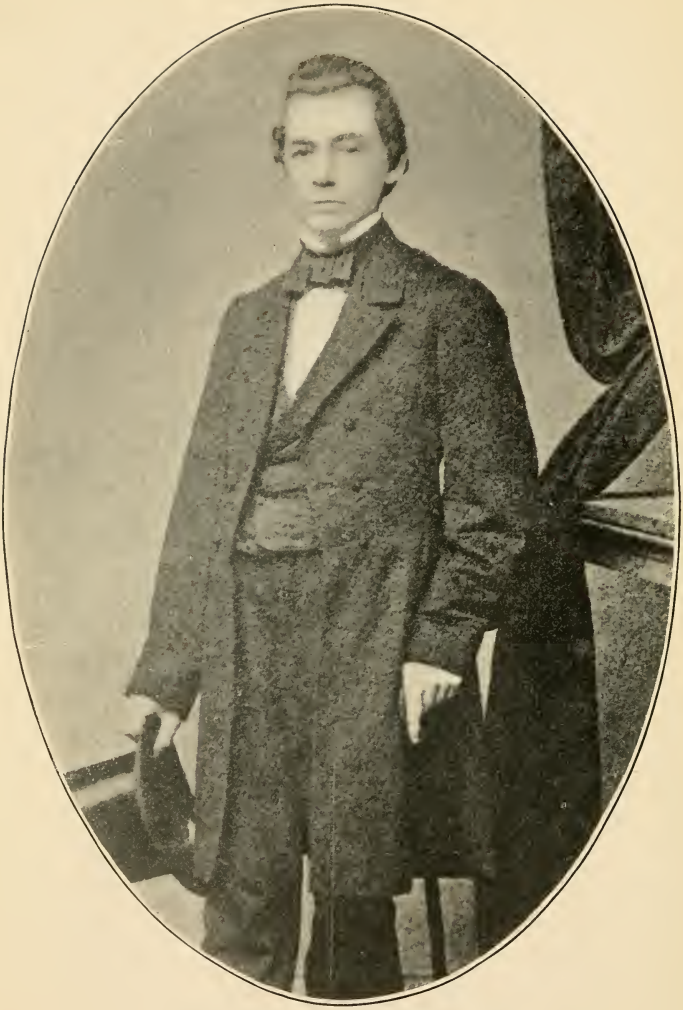
swarm all over him and their stings pained him intensely, but he never flinched or stopped until he had snapped up all of them. The next day his Websterian head would be swollen as large as a Hereford bull's. He seemed to instinctively know gentlemen, but a person of doubtful appearance was always in danger. When I was from home he would lie on the front veranda and guard my wife and children the live long day. No tramp ever bothered. Even the neighborhood dogs found him out and kept away. If one strayed on the place he was a dead dog. Vic would kill him, and eat him too! He was fond of dog meat. My friend, Governor W. P. Thorn, will verify this incredible story. Having reserved one of his pups I found two bulldogs, one too many in the family, and I presented him to the Governor, who greatly admired him. He will tell you many marvelous, but true, stories about "Old Vic."

APPENDIX

Note IV.

A few words relative to the persons and places mentioned in the Haunted House.

Frank Jones was the first dead person I ever saw. He hung himself from the railing of a stairway in the house directly opposite the Methodist Church in Greensburg, Ky. His eyes bulged from his head and his tongue protruded from his mouth —a horrible sight which indelibly impressed my youthful imagination.



HON. AARON HARDING

Statesman, orator, and one of the great lawyers of his time.

Bell, Saddler and Simpson murdered Lucinda White and family, five in all, in Green County, Ky., in 1838. For particulars see Allen's History of Kentucky. My father, then a young lawyer, prosecuted and convicted them all, and fully established his reputation as a lawyer. Bell swallowed a quantity of tobacco and in this way committed suicide. Saddler hung himself. Simpson was publicly executed. An immense concourse witnessed the hanging, a big event in those days. The people began to arrive the day before and continued to come during the night and forenoon. All were bad men, especially old Simpson, the reputed natural son of a distinguished Virginian of Revolutionary fame. My father, a deeply religious man, had a theory that all men would tell the truth in the hour of death. He visited the condemned, told them their doom was sealed and desired to know if the theory of the prosecution was correct. Bell and Saddler each confessed that it was. Old Simpson asserted his innocence to the last. He died as he had lived, with a lie in his mouth. My father changed his opinion as to the truth of dying statements.

An old gentleman, a widower named Simpson lived alone on his plantation with his slaves. He had sold mules for about $3,000. For it, it was said, Skaggs, Thompson, De Spain and Hunter murdered him with an ax as he lay asleep in bed. They failed to get the money. They were wild, gambling, drinking men, past thirty years old; and as I recall them, all good-looking, except Skaggs, a powerful man, weighing over two hundred pounds, with a frightful cock-eye. Hunter, with his fine gray eyes, raven hair and whiskers and white skin, was

strikingly handsome. Simpson's brother, a wealthy man, came from Illinois and employed my father to prosecute them. One night a mob came to hang them. The citizens of the town hurriedly sent for my father; he rode out and made them a speech, assured them he would hang every one of them, and with difficulty persuaded them to let the law take its course. He addressed the mob out near the fair grounds. He then practiced law on the circuit and was exceedingly fond of driving a fine horse, but, as he was lame and inactive, the horse had to be perfectly gentle. He was frequently discarding one for some trifling fault and buying a new one. That night he was riding a splendid dapple gray which he called Gray Eagle; but every time he raised his arm to gesture the horse would rear on his hind legs; he would strike him with his cane, but it did no good. Whenever his hand went up Gray Eagle went up too. Much puzzled at the horses singular behavior he was compelled to dismount and finish his speech from a stone fence. The next morning at the breakfast table he was greatly concerned about Gray Eagle, saying he had become tricky and dangerous and would have to be sold. I could then and there have explained the whole trouble; but thus early in life I had formed the wise opinion that people talk too much by half, and having moreover a very wholesome respect for my father, I said nothing. Some twenty years after, at Rufer's in Louisville, over a bottle of Bass' ale and a venison steak, I ventured to explain to my father the trouble with Gray Eagle. He laughed heartily and said he had often thought about it, but he never could make out what was the matter with that horse

that night. Always fond of horses and being then about fourteen years old, to gratify me he sent me to school to Raree, the famous horse tamer and trainer, to learn the secret mystery of educating horses. Having graduated with first honors, the only school at which I was ever so fortunate, of course, I at once began to practice on my father's horses, and soon taught Gray Eagle to rear and caracole whenever I made the salute military.

But to resume my story. When my father was in another county at court the mob came again, this time in broad daylight. The attorneys for the prisoners, Gen. Wm. T. Ward, Col. John Hardin Ward and Capt. A. Monroe Adair, amply provided with guns and ammunition, barricaded themselves in the stone jail, determined to defend their clients to the last. Three braver men never lived and there were men in the mob known to be equally brave. The whole town was wild with excitement. The leading citizens in vain tried to persuade the lawyers to leave the jail. Then the ladies of the town, relatives and friends came weeping and screaming and actually forced them away. The jail is a very strong stone structure and I have always believed they could have held the fort; it is certain that many of the attacking party would have been killed before they captured it. The mob hitched their horses out of town, and with double-barrel shotguns on their shoulders, marched six abreast down Main street to the Courthouse square, and filed right thence down to the jail. Uncle Jack Moore, the jailer, refused the keys. Making a battering ram of a log of wood in the adjacent woodpile, they stove in the front door of the jail and

marched upstairs, where with sledge hammers they beat off the locks on the massive iron doors of the dungeon cells, and the prisoners were theirs! I slipped upstairs as soon as I could work through the crowd. There they had Thompson, De Spain and Hunter, all three trembling like lost souls, as indeed they were. But Skaggs had given them the slip. He committeed suicide the moment they attacked the jail. They had dragged him out of his dungeon cell into the large well lighted "debtors room." I shall never forget the grewsome sight. Drenched with blood he lay flat on his back, arms and legs extended, the bloody razor still clutched in his hand; pale and ghastly, his throat cut from ear to ear; eyes wide open, one gazing at the ceiling and the other awful cock-eye staring oblequely directly at me! Zounds! I see it now—fifty years after.

The mob started with the prisoners to the Green and Taylor County line, there to hang them. I and Dave (formerly my colored nurse but now my boon companion) of course, must see all that was doing. We hurriedly saddled horses and away we went after the lynchers. Arrived at the county line the cavalcade halted opposite "Short Bill" Marshall's house, consulted and decided to go on to Campbellsville to hang them. It was then well into the afternoon and we knew that if we went on we could not get back home before midnight or after, so we returned home greatly disappointed boys. They hung Thompson and De Spain to a wide-spreading elm tree near the schoolhouse in Campbellsville, hard by Buckhorn Creek. Hunter confessed, was placed in the jail at Campbellsville and

later returned to Greensburg. He retracted his confession, of course, but was convicted and hung.

Nance (?) Hazel, a large, rather fleshy negress, prompted by jealously, with an ax murdered two of her fellow slaves, man and wife, as they lay asleep. As she rode in a wagon to execution, seated on her coffin, I think she was the most horrible object I have ever seen. Her fleshy face was swollen with terror, her small beady eyes had the wild, frightened expression of the hunted beast. She prayed and sang and groaned and chattered; and I'm sure hell has no torment surpassing that which she suffered through fear of death. I could not see the thing through. She was hung on the sandbar near the river ford at Greensburg. Standing on the river bank a fourth of a mile away, I saw the huge bundle dangle in the air and then whirl around and around. I see it now. I've had no curiosity for horrors since.

To me the finest prospect in all picturesque Kentucky is at Greensburg from the crest of "Buckners Hill" or mountain. Below you, crowning a dozen green hills, are the red brick Colonial houses of old Virginians, neighbors of Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, Randolph and Byrd, who in early days built their homes in the then far West, and founded a society as intellectual, as refined and as exclusive as could be found in the Western Hemisphere. The silver water of Green River flashes here and there in the sunlight as it winds along cliff and through woodland and meadow. In a changeful world the changeless mountains in the hazy distance still raise their heads to heaven as when I was a boy. At the sum-

mit of Buckners Hill the highway forks, thence some three hundred paces and north of the Glasgow road, a deep, narrow, bosky glen abruptly terminates. At the head of this glen bursts forth one of those cool crystal springs for which Green County is so noted. Directly over this spring stands, or stood fifty years ago, "Barret's Haunted House," built of stone and overgrown with ivy.

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